
Title: Journal IV

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MONDAY

I wake up not recalling
when I got back home.
My clothes are covered in
blood and dirt. My hands
are painfully calloused and
my entire body is sore
and aching. The last thing
I clearly remember is an
ominous presence, a cold
breath in the back of my
neck. An eerie, chilly
voice whispered my name
as burning cold claws
clenched around my heart.
Then darkness... I washed
and went to town for
some bread and ham.
People were frantic,
speaking of abominations.
Then a town crier began
shouting about skull
totems, undead beings and
Skeletal Liches roaming
through Jhelom graveyard.
I felt like the wind has
been knocked out of me.
What has happened in the
Tomb? What have I
unleashed? What have I
done?

TUESDAY

I was found wandering
outside Covetous. My
clothes in rags, covered
with dirt, my hands
bleeding sores. I don't
remember leaving the
house. I don't know how I
got in this condition. The
farmers who rescued me
said I must have been
attacked by the horrors
that have overtaken Cove
Cemetery. What I asked
them what they meant,
they told me the spectral

armors were seen
hovering not too far
from me. Cursed souls
are now invading Cove and
Vesper cemeteries. The
farmer's wife was
emptying the wash basin
of the water bloodied
from cleansing my wounds
and I suddenly felt
insanely thirsty.

WEDNESDAY

The voice... the dreadful
voice... It will not leave
me alone. I can hear its
whispers to me. It gnaws
at me... mocks me... It
tells me the things I've
done, the things I do...
It tells me that when it's
done with me, it will feed
me to her, so I cannot
undo the 'great' things
I've done so far. I went
back to the tomb last
night. I was standing on a
stone circle surrounded by
skull candles and I spoke
her name and it took me
to her.

Her eyes, as dark as
night, as cold as death,
hypnotized me. I was
bringing her food because
she cannot get her own
for now while we hide
her. I don't know why we
hide her. But she bit me.
And the voice told her to
stop, she can have me
later, but not now. The
bite wound is festering...

THURSDAY

The blood everywhere, on
my hands, on my face.
But not mine... no, not
mine... It makes me
hungry.... so hungry... but
the food is for her, for
Sicarii... She doesn't
share. She never shares.
And if He let her, she
would eat me too. I see
her greedy eyes on me...
I would do her in first if
I could. I know why the

Voice made me hide her
here. It's her venom.
Enough of it would destroy
the totems and put an
end to the curse. But He
won't let me.
I'm so hungry...

FRIDAY

I killed him! I didn't want
to, but the Voice... He
made me do it! HE MADE
ME!! And how He
laughed...
How he mocked me...
I cannot go on...
I cannot...
May the flames cleanse
me of my sins, of the
foolish arrogance of me
quest.
Forgive me...

- Leoric Gatherwale